"The Dainty Lady Lucy"

By FOXCROFT DAVIS

PART IX

CHAPTER IX.

Four years and a half afterwards, on a mild, sunny December afternoon, Senator March, while walking through the still, fashionable, fine old street in which his house was, saw a beautiful victoria, superbly horsed, drawn up to the sidewalk. In it sat a lady and gentleman, whom he instantly recognized as Sir Percy Carlyon, recently appointed Ambassador to Washington, and Lady Carlyon. They had stopped for a moment to speak to two beautiful little boys, three and two years of age, in the hands of a stately nursemaid and her assistant. Senator March's eyes rested with longing upon the charming little children. He was passionately fond of children, and they were the only gift of Heaven which seemed denied to him. When the nurse moved away with her charges, Senator March stepped up and grasped Sir Percy's hand, and then Lady Carlyon laid her little, white-gloved hand in his.

"I didn't know you had arrived," said Senator March. "I watched the newspapers, and so has Mrs. March, thinking that we would not let twenty-four hours go by without seeing you."

"We reached town only last night," said Sir Percy "and we were speaking of you five minutes ago when we drove past your house."

While Sir Percy was speaking, Senator March, manlike, kept his eyes fixed upon Lady Carlyon. One glance showed to him that she had found herself; she was far prettier than she had ever been before, and there was a new meaning and intelligence in her black eyes, and added charm in her agreeable and well-cultivated voice. She seemed to have grown taller, and she had a sweet, unaffected dignity of wifehood and motherhood. The dainty, high-bred girl had become a woman, had developed into an Ambassadress worthy of the name. It was she who said to Senator March:

"I hope Mrs. March is well, and, of course, she is happy?"

"She appears to be both," replied Senator March, smiling; "perhaps it is only her British pluck which enables her to stand the American husband."

"I shall hope to see her very soon," said Lady Carlyon, and then Sir Percy inquired about Gen. Talbott.

"We are expecting him in the spring. As you may imagine, Mrs. March does not let any long interval pass between her visits to Gen. Talbott in England and his visits to us. By the way, what an odd fatality has always interfered with our seeing you and Lady Carlyon when we have been in Europe. We seemed to be playing a game of hide-and-seek, but now there will be no escaping each other and we must see as much as we can of you and Lady Carlyon."

"Thank you," answered Sir Percy, with the utmost cordiality, but it was Lady Carlyon who added: "Yes, pray remember us to Mrs. March, and we shall look forward to seeing Gen. Talbott as soon as he arrives. We shall expect to see you soon."

Then after a few moments more of conversation the carriage drove away.

A victoria, with a coachman and footman in hearing, is no place for a private conversation, and nothing was said about Senator March and his wife until Sir Percy and Lady Carlyon had reached home and were alone in Sir Percy's library.

"Dearest," said Lady Carlyon, laying her little hand upon his sleeve, "there is but one attitude to take: we must be friendly with her. Remember Senator March's position and how you stand with Gen. Talbott."

"I know it all," answered Sir Percy doggedly.

They were standing together, and Sir Percy took his wife's hand and kissed it.

"You are the better diplomatist of the two," he said: "I could not bring myself to speak Alicia Vernon's name. If it hadn't been for your readiness Senator March must have suspected something. It must be hard for you?"

"Very! but I have been preparing myself for this complication ever since you told me that story. After all, it is quite natural that Mrs. March should make a fight for her position in the world. It isn't every woman who has it in her to be a Louise la Vallière.'

"It is certainly not in Alicia March; however, there is nothing so cowardly as for a man to complain of a woman. I should be glad to take all the pain of my own wrongdoing, but you, poor, innocent child, must suffer too."

"Let us not think of it," said Lady Carlyon, drawing her husband's lips to hers.

Sir Percy said nothing, but his kiss and his eyes were eloquent of love and gratitude. Then Lady Carlyon went into the drawing room and Sir Percy followed her. Deep in his heart he was a sentimentalist, and he loved his wife with single-hearted devotion. He could not but compare her, as she moved about the room, her white cloth gown trailing upon the floor, with the slim, pretty, and inconsequent young girl whose waltzing had first charmed him. She was still slim and pretty, but she had grown wise with soft, sweet wisdom. It was she, now, who thought for him, smoothed over the rough places, practiced an easy and graceful self-control, and as all that the wife of an ambassador should be.

The tea tray was brought in, and Lady Carlyon gave Sir Percy his tea, a thing comforting in itself, with the same gracious air that she would have handed it to the ambassador of France.

"It was in the ballroom that I first saw you, waltzing with young Stanley, the naval officer," said Sir Percy, drinking his tea with calm deliberation, "and it was in the library that Lord Baudesert warned me that a diplomat should never marry an American, and I swore to him I never would."

"It is all wrong in principle," replied Lady Carlyon, making a pretty little grimace—she retained for Sir Percy's benefit alone all the little roguish tricks and airs which made Lucy Armytage so charming, but would scarcely have been becoming in Lady Carlyon—"I never thought that anything would induce me to marry any man outside of Kentucky. I have often been shocked by your want of knowledge of horses."

Sir Percy tweaked her ear. The form and ceremony with which horses were treated in England had been a revelation to Lady Carylon, and Sir Percy himself was no mean judge of a horse. Nevertheless, Lady Carlyon, when she chose to be once more Lucy Armytage, would give herself supercilious airs to Sir Percy upon all equine subjects.

"You hardly know a horse from a cow, my Lady Lucy," he said.

This was the name by which he called his wife when they were alone. He had explained to her at the beginning of their married life, when instructing her in titles, that she could not really be Lady Lucy Carylon unless she were an earl's daughter, to which Lucy replied demurely that she had always supposed every gentleman in Kentucky to be the equal of the biggest earl in England. The small joke amused Sir Percy, and from that on she became to him "Lady Lucy." In some way Lord Baudesert had also caught the name, which so pleased his fancy that Lady Lucy became applied in tenderness to Lady Carlyon. It recalled Lord Baudesert, and Lady Carlyon said, as she gave Sir Percy his second cup of tea:

"I don't think your uncle will be able to keep away from Washington long. He will be sure to come back here as a visitor. He declares that he finds London, Paris, Vienna, and Berlin dull after Washington."

"Perhaps it is because he is no longer an ambassador, or else that the English, French, German, and Austrian sense of humor is not so acute as he found the American, and my uncle can't have the ambassadorial joke as he did here."

"And Mrs. Chantrey is still unmarried," said Lady Carlyon, and then they both laughed.

Lady Carlyon kept away from the hateful subject of Mrs. March, but Sir Percy understood well that his wife would shoulder the burden and carry it bravely and quietly. The idea of Alicia March being under his roof was odious and humiliating to Sir Percy Carlyon, but he saw no way out of it. His immediate departure for England after his marriage and thence to his continental post had kept Lady Carlyon and Alicia March apart. The Carlyons had not been to America but once since, and then only for a few weeks, within a year of their marriage. Col. Armytage had been stricken with paralysis, and Lady Carlyon, with Sir Percy, had hastened to him, arriving in time to find him conscious, but dying. Mrs. Armytage had followed her husband within a fortnight, her last days tended by Lady Carlyon, to whom she had been a mother. Within a month all was over and Lady Carlyon returned to Europe without going near Washington. The chapter of accidents which Senator March mentioned as having kept him and his wife from meeting the Carlyons in Europe, had been really a series of clever stratagems on the part of the Carlyons. When the Marches were on the continent, especially at the capital, where Sir Percy Carlyon took his preliminary canter as minister before winning the blue ribbon of an embassy, he and Lady Carlyon had found it convenient to be absent at those times. Then, when the Marches went to London, the Carlyons managed to be on the continent. Sir Percy could not possibly put himself in the position of avoiding Gen. Talbott, who has visited him at his continental post, and had been made an honored guest. Only one person suspected why the Marches and the Carlyons had never met, and that was Alicia March. Nor were the Carlyons the only persons who avoided her, but of this her husband remained entirely ignorant.

The stories of Senator March's wealth made a sensation in the sphere of Gen. Talbott's and Mrs. March's acquaintances. Mrs. March herself gave evidence of it in the splendor of her jewels and the cost and exquisiteness of her costumes. She spent with a lavish hand, and the world knew it. Sir Percy Carlyon, hearing rumors of this, thought to himself: "It is the same Alicia, whose passion for spending has grown by what it feeds on." Sir Percy Carlyon turned these things over in his mind while drinking tea on this December afternoon, but he said nothing of them.

Then when tea was over, following the custom established after the birth of their first boy, the Carlyons went upstairs to pay a visit to the nursery. In saying good-night to the two beautiful little children, Lady Carlyon knelt down by their cribs and made a silent prayer, and Sir Percy, standing near her, did likewise, and thought himself the happiest of men, but for one thing—that which had happened in the far-away hill-country of India long years ago.

Meanwhile, on parting from the Ambassador and Lady Carlyon, Senator March soon reached his own door. The outward aspect of the house had been changed and wonderfully improved. The adjoining house on each side had been demolished, and wings built out in the same simple but dignified style of architecture of the original house. One wing was a ballroom and the other was a picture gallery. As Senator March entered the hall a footman handed him a box which contained a boquet; this was Roger March's daily tribute to his wife ever since his marriage. Within the house the note of luxury was struck, and it increased in an ascending scale until it came to Alicia March's boudoir, which was part of the new building. Senator March's quarters alone had escaped the the tide of splendor, and his own rooms remained so simple, as in his bachelor days.

He knocked at the door of his wife's boudoir and Alicia bade him enter. The four years and a half, which had developed Lucy Armytage into an ambassadress worthy of the name, had also made a subtle change in Alicia March. She was apparently no older than on the day when she had first seen Roger March. She was an admirable subject for the great London and Paris dressmakers, and she had reached that stage of a woman's existence where dress ceases to be a passion and becomes a fine art. Time had left no mark on her, but her eyes—her beautiful violet eyes—had an expression, even of fear, in them, and she, heretofore the most placid and self-controlled of women, had become strangely nervous. She started as her husband entered, but smiled as she received his gift of flowers with the graceful thanks which she never omitted. Then Senator March asked her how the day had passed.

"Very well," she replied, "I didn't wish to go out until you had come in. What have you been doing to-day?"

"I worked like a cart horse until 3 o'clock, then walked up town for exercise, and whom do you think I saw half-a-square away?"

"The Carlyons," answered Mrs. March calmly. "I saw them drive past. Did you speak to them?"

"Oh, yes! I was delighted to see them again. You know I have a special reason for gratitude to Carlyon, as it was through him I met you."

Mrs. March turned her beautiful eyes on her husband with a look which every woman's eyes have when she receives a sincere compliment.

Senator March continued:

"Sir Percy is looking very well; that man has had unbroken good fortune of the most brilliant sort. I believe him to be the youngest ambassador in the diplomatic service, and Lady Carlyon!—bless me—she is Lucy Armytage and yet she is not Lucy Armytage—that is to say, she has grown up. She has a charming dignity without the slightest pretension, and one can see at a glance that she will do well anywhere. They had stopped the carriage for a moment to speak to their children, two fine boys."

"I saw them, too," said Mrs. March, "they looked quite adorable. Did Sir Percy ask for me or send me any message?"

Senator March tried to recall.

"I really can't remember anything special. Both of them were most cordial, and Lady Carlyon particularly said she hoped to see us very soon."

Mrs. March smiled.

"Sir Percy has forgotten, perhaps," she said softly after a moment, "his first six months in India."

"Oh, I think not! He told me during our first acquaintance all about that and the enormous obligations he was under to your father. We must call and see the Carlyons very soon, and have them here to dinner."

Then Alicia suddenly changed the subject, and began to ask him about his day's work.

"There is a tremendous amount of work on hand for the committee, as there is a great mass of information to be mastered before one can treat intelligently this whole railway subject, for instance."

Then Senator March went on to describe the pitfalls and obstacles in the way of certain intended legislation, concerning railways. Mrs. March listened with the deepest attention, occasionally putting in an intelligent question. Presently Senator March said:

"I believe you know as much about the matter as I do. You should be an interstate commerce commissioner."

Alicia smiled; she rarely laughed.

"That is the way with Englishwomen: we accommodate ourselves to our husbands, instead of requiring them to mold themselves to us."

"It is a very pleasant way," replied Senator March gallantly, and then, being full of his subject, he went on talking about it until, suddenly recalling himself, he said: "You have not been for your drive and it is already growing dark. I can't go with you to-day. I have a lot more of this business on hand in my study."

"I don't think I shall drive this afternoon," replied Mrs. March, "I think I shall walk for half-an-hour. You wish to be undisturbed until dinner?"

"Yes," said Senator March going into his own quarters.

Ten minutes later Mrs. March, in a plain walking dress, with a thin black veil over her face, went out of her own door, and when she was well around the corner called a cab and gave the address of a plain hotel in the lower part of the city. As she leaned back in the ramshackle cab she drew her veil still more closely over her face and tried to collect her thoughts for the interview which she sought, but her mind wandered to all manner of subjects. How strange it was that she, the wife of one of the richest men in the Senate, with an allowance which was a fortune in itself, should be at that moment harassed for money! She never remembered the time in her life that such had not been the case. When she married Senator March it was with the expectation that never again as long as she lived would she ever want for money, but within the year the old emptiness of purse returned. Money slipped through her fingers she knew not how. She loved pearls and diamonds and beautiful things with an insatiable love. Senator March had loaded her with jewels, but she wanted more. It seemed to her that wealth was not wealth if one had to consider how it was spent. That principle had caused her to spend not only a splendid income, but had piled up debts to which her old burdens were a mere nothing. The same principle of shame and even fear that she had felt toward her father prevented her from opening her heart to her husband, the soul of indulgence. There was a kind of rigid morality about Roger March, and the idea that she had made debts which she concealed from him she knew would appear as a crime in her eyes. He would, of course, pay them—of that she felt quite certain—but in spite of her husband's love and gentleness, he had always inspired her with a certain fear, just as her father did, and Gen. Talbott would know the whole story which she so shrank from telling. She found a curious lack of power in herself to stop spending money. Then came Nicholas Colegrove's opportunity.

He had seen Alicia March several times during the first winter of her marriage, when she immediately became one of the great hostesses of Washington. Colegrove was, by nature, social and liked, as well as any one, a good dinner, a good glass of wine, and a pretty woman on each side of him. His position as the moving spirit of an association of great railways, which some people called a conspiracy, placed him somewhat at a disadvantage with public men in Washington. Senator March, however, liked Colegrove well enough, and was by no means afraid of him, and if Alicia March wanted to have him at her brilliant dinners her husband made no objection. Senator March was chairman of the committee which was dealing with Colegrove and his associates, but so far nothing had been discovered of a nature damaging to Colegrove or his friends. As he good-humoredly told Senator March, the railways asked only to be let alone; and Senator March, with equal good humor, replied that was the very thing that the committee did not mean to do.

As the committee would not agree to let Colegrove alone, but persisted in asking prying questions, the next best thing for him was to find out exactly what the committee knew, and how it proposed to act. Alicia March was the instrument ready to his hand. Colegrove, who had a vast quantity of that semi-divine gift known as common-sense, was under no illusion respecting Alicia March's influence over her husband. Senator March was deeply devoted to his wife, but neither she nor any other human being who ever lived could swerve Roger March from his duty, or cause him to betray the smallest trust. He was not, however, on guard against his wife, and Colegrove knew it. When he passed the March house late at night and saw the lights burning in Senator March's study, and knew that he was at work there with his clerk and a stenographer, Colegrove longed to know what they were writing.

How easy it would be for Mrs. March to make a few copies of the letters and memoranda, which would be immensely useful to the A. F. & O.! Reflecting on this, Colegrove cultivated Mrs. March's society. Being a man of acute observation, he found out some things about Alicia March which not even her husband knew. He discovered that she had a strange sense of dislocation in her new place. She had been forced, as she thought, in her previous life to have many concealments, and she still had them, but they gave her a vague sense of discomfort which she had never known before. Still the habit was upon her, and she had the conviction that concealment, however wrong, was absolutely necessary. Colegrove alone of all the men she had ever known seemed to penetrate at once into everything which she wished to keep secret. He had got out of her the fact that she was pressed for money within a year of her marriage. This he proposed to remedy in a manner at once easy, simple, and honorable; to get hold of stocks which would cost next to nothing to buy, and would sell for a fortune, and this he would do for Alicia March in his own name. He made the condition, however, that she should not mention it to her husband, and to this Alicia March agreed readily enough, knowing the transaction could not take place unless it were kept a secret from Senator March. Then money flowed into her hands, not enough to make her independent of Colegrove, but enough to ease the perpetual strain. At this point Colegrove had asked her to get copies of certain letters which he knew were in Senator March's desk in his study. At this Alicia recoiled, and then refused, but when payment was demanded for a couple of black pearls which she had bought, and her dividends from her stocks were not forthcoming. Colegrove told her plainly that he must have copies of those letters before any more money was paid.

Alicia had realized some time before that she was playing a dangerous game, but who fears the danger of a game as long as one is winning? It was ridiculously easy to get what Colegrove wanted, and love for the black pearls was stronger in Alicia March than honor or fear. Colegrove got his copies and Alicia's stock suddenly, according to Colegrove, declared a tremendous dividend.

Colegrove congratulated himself on what he had accomplished with Mrs. March and incidentally was scorched. All men are dreamers of dreams, and at last the dream took shape with Colegrove that he should force a wedge between Roger March and his wife. As for Colegrove's own wife, the fretful lady in a far-away Western city, that was easily managed—he could drive her into a divorce any day he liked. He was the last man on earth who would betray himself, and what seemed an unguarded outbreak of passion for Alicia March was really a carefully calculated procedure. Alicia received it with a calmness and capacity to deal with the situation which showed him that she was no apprentice in such matters. She held him off, but she did not break with him. Each was too useful to the other to come to an open rupture, and so matters had gone on for more than three years.

In that time no human being, not even Roger March, suspected that Alicia March and Colegrove ever met except in the presence of others, and generally at dinners. Nevertheless they had brief interviews, chiefly relating to bills and their payment, and papers were handed over to Colegrove, and crisp new bills for considerable amounts were received by Alicia. These meetings generally took place in unfrequented streets and parks at twilight, and might easily be explained as accidental. Those were not occasions of sentiment, but when Alicia and Colegrove met in drawing-rooms, Colegrove then said things which conveyed to Alicia that her husband was puritanical in his ideas, which Colegrove was not, and when she should find Roger March intolerable there was a refuge waiting her. It seemed quite natural to Alicia March to hear these veiled declarations from Colegrove. She admired the ingenuity with which he made them and listened to them with a smiling composure, the meaning of which not all Colegrove's acuteness could discover. Alicia herself did not know her own feeling toward her husband, nor had the brilliant life upon which she had entered acquired any true sense of reality and proportion. She felt as if she were living in a dream, silent, changeful, exciting, but still a dream.

As the cab jogged along over the streets Alicia turned all these things over in her mind. It was the first time she had ever had a meeting with Colegrove which was open to the slightest suspicion, but Colegrove had written to her that he did not desire it to be known that he was in Washington while the great railroad legislation was pending, until he was called as a witness, and for that reason he would come to Washington for a few hours, stopping at a plain hotel where he was not known, when he was supposed to be on a hunting trip in Pennsylvania.

It was almost dark when she stepped out of the cab in front of the hotel where Colegrove was staying. He was watching for her and came down the steps to meet her. Time had dealt lightly with him, and he was the same strong, supple, keen-eyed man of four years before, with the same captivating frankness of manner, which did not reveal himself, but revealed others to him.

"Now," he said, when Alicia and he were in the lobby of the little hotel, "you won't mind coming to my sitting-room, where we can talk privately?"

"I mind very much," replied Alicia coolly. "There must be a public drawing-room somewhere about, and we can talk there."

"Here it is," replied Colegrove, opening a door near by and entering a large, showily furnished room, glaring with gas. "But this is a very public drawing-room," said Colegrova, smiling, "and it is not to be supposed that Mrs. March is not known by sight to a great many people who are not on her visiting list. You had better come to my sitting-room."

Without a word Alicia followed him to the lift and they ascended one flight. Colegrove's sitting-room was a small replica of the drawing-room below.

"It is a good many years since I entertained a lady in a place like this, but I hope you will excuse it. I don't want your husband's committee to know that I am within a hundred miles of this town. Before we begin talking business, tell me how you have been. You are looking blooming, as well as I can see under that veil."

"I remembered that you told me," was Alicia's reply, "that you must have copies of the correspondence. I never have any trouble in getting copies, but it always makes me ashamed."

Colegrove paid no attention to the latter sentence, but stored up the first, and thought it a lucky admission on Alicia's part. She opened the costly little bag which she carried in her hand, and took out half a dozen letters, which Colegrove read rapidly, and with an air of satisfaction. Then putting them in his breast pocket, he said pleasantly:

"By the way, that A. F. & O. stock has gone sky-high, and will soon go down in a hole in the ground. I sold a thousand shares of that investment of yours which stands in my name, and here is the money for it. You understand why I am obliged to give it to you in money instead of a check?"

He handed out a roll of bills, naming a considerable sum, and Alicia, without counting it, put it into her bag. Colegrove, having transacted the business part of the interview, would have liked to have had half an hour's conversation with Mrs. March, whose charming voice and speaking eyes had a steady and increasing fascination for him, but Alicia would not stay.

"We can talk," she said, "when you come to Washington openly. My husband, I think, likes you very much, and he says he is warring on the corporation, not on the individuals."

"Will you ask me to dinner, Mrs. March?"

"With pleasure," replied Alicia, smiling faintly.

"I am glad it gives you a little pleasure, it gives me a great deal," replied Colegrove. "When a man has led the life that I have led, and has to do with large affairs, most women appear to him like children whose range of ideas is soon exhausted. Not so with you, however."

"I never was reckoned a clever woman," responded Alicia.

"Oh, Lord! I hate cleverness in both men and women. It assumes to be everything and takes the place of nothing. But you have lived from the very hour you made that unlucky first marriage. No one admires Senator March more than I do, but he ought to have married a purely convential person, like Miss Chantrey, for example, whom I have met at your house. There must be a good many things you can't talk about to your husband."

Colegrove's words were guarded, but something in his tone expressed a subtle contempt for Senator March. Suddenly, and without the slightest premonition, Alicia March felt herself coloring with anger at Colegrove's words. He dared to say one word against her husband in her presence! It was the first strong feeling she had ever experienced where Roger March was concerned, and it lighted up her eyes, and brought the blood to her face and she answered him sharply:

"I am not worthy of my husband, you and I both know it," and walked out of the room.

Colegrove folowed her, hat in hand, and full of apologies, professing ignorance as to how he had offended her. She allowed him to assist her into the cab, but merely bade him a chily goodbye. Colegrove watched the cab as it fumbled off in the dusk and then said to himself:

"I shall let her get into a tighter place than ever for money before I give her another lift. But, by Jove! if I were in March's place I would have had that woman's confidence long ago."

Then it occurred to him that there was in reality a great gulf between Senator March and the woman who was his wife, and a man like Colegrove. This did not disconcert Colegrove in the least, as it was his invariable practice to see things as they were and never to blink the truth.

It was half-past 6 o'clock before Alicia March entered the door of her home. Instead of going to her boudoir, she went into Senator March's study. He was at his desk hard at work—he was known as the hardest worked man in the Senate—but he had not failed to notice his wife's absence.

"Really," he said, turning in his chair, and taking her hand as she came forward into the circle of light cast by the old-fashioned student lamp, which burned upon his desk, "you must not stay out so late. If I had known in what direction you walked, I should have gone to meet you at 6 o'clock."

"You are fanciful," replied Alicia and, for the almost first time in their married life, gave him an unasked caress, passing her arm around his neck and stooping to kiss him. It was not lost on Senator March.

"You know how to win pardon," he said, "but—but don't do it again. Since you have been gone I have been studying up some of the performances of your friend Colegrove, and I can't make out whether he is a virtuous sufferer or a very able and accomplished scamp."

"I met Mr. Colegrove while I was out," said Alicia, remembering the sum in her little bag, which would by no means pay all her bills, "and I promised to ask him to dinner," and then suddenly remembered that Colegrove had told her not to mention his presence in Washington. She had in truth been thinking more of her husband than of Colegrove for the last half-hour.

Senator March, however, did not observe any significance in his wife's casual words, and answered:

"Oh, very well! I am not down on Colegrove personally, he is a very good dinner guest, and there isn't any reason why you shouldn't ask him if you wish to. Will you invite him to meet the Carlyons?"

Alicia March turned a little pale at the suggestion. She had begun to be somewhat afraid of Colegrove's singular acuteness and power to make her tell things she did not mean to tell him. He might divine something of that past which had existed between Sir Percy Carlyon and herself. And Sir Percy, having known her long before either Colegrove or her husband, might suspect something between Colegrove and herself. She had, however, been used to these complications for many years, and could readily bring herself to meet them. Her sense of humor was small, but she had a glimmer when she said to her husband:

"Yes; we can have Mr. Colegrove and the Carlyons together."

TO BE CONTINUED TO-MORROW.

COUPLE ELOPE ON HANDCAR.

New York Girl and Tennesseean Take Odd Wedding Trip.

Knoxville, Tenn., Oct. 14.—Miss Hazel Wilber, of New York City, eloped with Monroe W. Deaderick, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Deaderick, prominent in East Tennessee. They boarded a handcar at the Unaka Springs and rode four miles to be married by a minister. They returned on the handcar.

The bridegroom's grandfather was at one time chief justice of the Tennessee Supreme Court. The young man met Miss Wilber while studying in New York a year ago. He induced her to come to Unaka Springs, owned by his parents, to spend her vacation.

EXCURSIONS.

Ocular evidence of the great interest in the Jamestown Exposition is seen in the demand for accommodations aboard the Norfolk and Washington Steamboat Company's large and handsome steamers. The day and night boats, leaving daily at 8 and 6:30, respectively, are filled to the limit, staterooms in many instances being engaged days in advance. The superior appointments, speed, and services offered make this line the most popular one to Norfolk and Jamestown. On the trip south night and day boats make a landing right at the exposition pier. At Norfolk daily connections are made with Old Dominion liners for New York, Merchants and Miners' steamers for Boston, and train connections for all points. All information, tickets, and stateroom accommodations may be obtained at Seventh street wharf or at 705 Fourteenth street.

The new steel steamer Montauk, which plies between this city and the Jamestown Exposition and Norfolk, is providing one of the most delightful trips by water to the exposition. The new Norfolk, Washington, and Richmond Steamship line has reduced the rates to the exposition and Norfolk to $2.50 for a thirty-day round-trip ticket and $1.50 for one way. Tickets of any railroad or steamship line reading Washington and Norfolk are good on this line. The boat leaves this city every Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday at 8 a. m., stopping at Old Point, exposition grounds, and Norfolk, coming and going. The return trip is made from Norfolk every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 8 a. m. Connections are also made with New York, Boston, Richmond, and Savannah. The boat leaves Riley's wharf, foot of Sixth street southwest. The Washington office is located at Fourteenth street and Pennsylvania avenue, where information can be obtained concerning the trip.

It is especially fitting that every American citizen should take a trip to Mount Vernon and pay homage at the tomb of the father of his country. To enable those who wish to visit this sacred place, the steamer Charles Macalester makes two trips every week day at 10 a. m. and 2:30 p. m., returning due to arrive in Washington at 2:15 and 6:15 p. m. The sail on the grand old Potomac presents an opportunity to see the United States monitor Puritan, the new war college, statue of Frederick the Great, Alexandria, Fort Foote, and the modern fortifications of forts Washington and Hunt. There is an elegant cafe on the steamer.

Next Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock the steamer Charles Macalester will make another of those delightful sails of forty miles down the Potomac and return, giving those who go a continuous river ride of eighty miles. The steamer passes in plain view of the many points of historical interest, and especially Indian Head, the naval proving grounds, where all the large guns are tested. The cafe on the steamer will serve meals a la carte during the entire run, and refreshments can be had at city prices. The Macalester will leave Seventh street wharf Sunday at 2:30 p. m., and, returning, reach home about 7:30 p. m. Stops will be made at Alexandria.

California's scenery is unequaled anywhere, and its climate is the softest known to the temperate zone. Such a land must be seen through a variety of temperaments, looked at through the experiences of years, and from large personal contact with it, and from many points of view. Otherwise, much that is written about it and much that is justly said about it, will seem to the casual visitor mere exaggeration. The Washington-Sunset Route takes the tourist to this country from Washington without change and with a through berth in three special tourist sleeping cars. Three excursions run three times a week. A. J. Poston, general agent, 705 Fifteenth street, and 511 Pennsylvania avenue.

BIG FIRE IN PHILADELPHIA.

Damage to Industrial Plant Fixed at $375,000.

Philadelphia, Oct. 14.—A disastrous fire at the plant of the American Bridge Company, at West Mauch Chunk, on the west bank of the Schuylkill River, this morning totally destroyed two of the shops and the homes of two of the workmen adjoining them. The damage is estimated at $375,000, including $60,000 worth of finished material awaiting shipment and patterns valued at $225,000. The destruction of the patterns will necessitate delay in work under way.

Case Taken to New York.

It was announced in police circles yesterday afternoon that, so far as local authorities were concerned, nothing further would be done concerning the arrest in New York of Lieut. Allan Lefort, of the Coast Artillery, who is said to have obtained $1,500 by forging the names of army officers. The man was arrested on information forwarded to the New York police by Maj. Sylvester in conjunction with Col. Charles A. P. Hattfield. L. Silverman, broker, the complainant, lives in New York, and the case will be brought to trial in that city.